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The Quick and the Dead

By Simon Moore

It's 50 feet north of the waggon.
Or was it 50 feet south of the waggon?
I can't remember!
You ain't gonna take my gold, mister!
No, sir!
Asshole.
I'm gonna kill you, bitch.
Damn you!
Don't you leave me here!
I'm gonna kill you
if I ever see you again!
I'll kill you, so help me!
I am gonna kill you, bitch!
Five foot 8. Am I right?
I ain't never wrong.
That's a girl. Thanks very much.
-How about a room?
-Whores next door.
-Say that again.
-I say whores next door.
Now, do you have a room available?
Room in back. Yes, ma'am.
Coming up. Coming up, coming up.
Katie, let's go get the lady
a room and a bath.
Barkeep, I want a bottle of champagne.
-Yes, sir.
-And don't you dare open it.
I wanna know what I'm drinking.
Wanna play poker, little lady?
Looks like you're having a good time
playing with yourself.
It's a very special pack.
See, I put an ace in
every time I kill a man.
Interested in first-class whisky?
I also have very fine cigars,
India ink.
-Perfume.
-Just shine my boots.
John Herod owns that house.
He gets 50 cents of every dollar
in this town.
-What's the town get?

-It gets to live.
Another gun in town.
-Hi, Scars.
-Shut up!
Stand back.
Well, that makes...
...fifteen.
I just got out of prison.
Congratulations.
I got 35 years,
but they let me out early.
How long did you do this time?
Three days.
-You're pretty.
-You're not.
-I need a woman.
-You need a bath.
I'm so clumsy, I must be blind.
Try to understand, we prayed to God
a man like you would come to help us.
Well, maybe you should have
called your priest.
-This is strictly business.
-I have this candelabra.
-What are they worth?
-Two hundred dollars.
Two hundred?
Not good enough. Is that it?
Don't mind my daddy.
He's just stupid.
You look like you been riding
a long time.
Where have you come from?
Are you here for the contest?
Because I never seen
a woman carry a gun before.
Bet you're a good shot.
Maybe you could--
I guess I'd better go now.
Gold teeth! I got some gold teeth.
All sizes.
Gold teeth!
I got uppers, I got lowers.
You're wasting my time.

Quiet!

I now declare
the quick-draw competition open.
Each man who enters the contest
will fight once a day.

Anybody can challenge anybody.

The time of the fight...

-...will be pulled from a hat.

-Hey, sweetheart.

-Hey.

-For the duration of the contest...

-...every fighter is entitled...

-Here you go.

...to whatever he wants...

-...courtesy of Mr. Herod.

-All right!

But the man who wins the contest

gets this:

One hundred and twenty-three
thousand dollars.

Compliments of Mr. Herod
and Wells Fargo.

All right, gentlemen.

What do you say?

Do we have any real gunmen
in this room?

-That's a matter of opinion.

-Do we?

Yes.

Gutzon.

I'm Swedish champion.

Mr. Gutzon is the first to go up.

Anyone else?

Put an ace up there.

Everyone will know what that means.

-Ace Hanlon.

-Yeah, Ace Hanlon.

You better put me
and my friend Eugene on the list.

You know how to spell your name?

I didn't say nothing

about joining no contest.

Do I hear clucking?

Did somebody bring a chicken in here?
-Settle down, Eugene. Settle down.
-I'll take you now with my bare hands!
No, no, no. You see, it's a gunfight.
We both have guns.
We aim. We fire. You die.
You'll get the idea.
The fighting begins tomorrow
on the street, not in here.
-Put my name up there.
-All right.
Anybody else?
-Sergeant Cantrell.
-How do you spell that?
Correctly.
Anyone else?
Spotted Horse! Many white men
will leave this town in wooden boxes.
Right. Spotted Horse.
Do we have any other fighters?
Put my damn name up.
Scars! S-C-A-R-S.
Gene, you better start practising.
-I'm worth \$3000 in four states.
-Anybody else?
Seventy-five offences
and no convictions.
My name's Fee, but...
...everyone calls me the Kid.
Congratulations.
I'm so damn fast,
I can wake up at dawn...
...rob two banks, a train
and a stagecoach...
...shoot the tail feathers off
a duck's ass at 300 feet...
...and still be back in bed
before you wake up next to me.
-How you doing?
-Do we have any more fighters?
-Just fine.
-Yeah.
Virgil Sparks. The pride of Texas.
Virgil Sparks joins the list.

Horace said you drink this.
You sure must wanna die young, miss.
I do now.
We got a lot of spaces here.
Let's fill them up, men.
-I'm gonna put my name up.
-Put my name up there.
Put my name up on this goddamn list.
-How many brave men do we have?
-There are 1 2 right now, Mr. Herod.
Thirteen, if you count Foy,
but he and Ratsy aren't back yet.
They'll be here.
Just running a little errand for me.
-Add my name to the list.
-Attaboy!
Yes, sir.
Get in there!
-We beat the hell out of him.
-Shit, he ain't nothing.
Hello, Cort.
I was beginning to worry you wouldn't
make it in time. It's been a while.
I hear you have a mission
down in Hermosillo.
Is that right?
You own a little piece of heaven?
Sunshine and cactus flowers...
...and you and the orphan children
praying for salvation.
We burned that mission down, sir,
just like you said.
All that work, Cort...
...those years of hard work...
...destroyed for no reason.
It must make you angry.
You used to be fast.
Are you still fast?
Don't I get an answer?
Have you taken a vow of silence?
I said, are you still fast?
Faster than you.
But I have renounced violence.
We'll see.

-String him up.
-Let's get him outside!
No, in here. On the chair.
We're gonna adjust your collar,
Reverend.
Shit, come on. Pull him up, Foy.
Let me make it clear.
-I want you in that contest.
-No.
Think about it.
Last chance.
-Yes or no?
-Go to hell.
Sign me up!
No women in quick draw.
It's against the rules!
There's no rule against ladies.
It's just that women can't shoot
for shit.
That's right.
Adios, Reverend.
-Put them both in the contest.
-Free drinks for all fighters!
Move it, preacher.
Let's chain him up out by the fountain.
-Come back here!
-No!
You come here now!
Do you hear me?
Daddy!
Hey, good morning.
Seems like you definitely had
a good time last night.
Want some breakfast?
-Or how about a little...
-Christ.
...of what we had last night?
Yeah, you certainly won that
drinking contest, that's for sure.
Then again, I sort of won you in poker.
Look.
The last thing I remember
was you puking and passing out...
...behind the saloon,

so let's not plan the wedding yet.
All right, all right.
This thing is so hard.
I don't know how you sleep on it.
If I don't sleep on it,
people will steal it.
-So who you gonna challenge today?
-Herod.
Bad idea. Bad idea.
I'm about the only guy who can take
him, and I ain't gonna rush to do that.
Well, why not?
Well, hell, he's my father.
You been challenged to a fight yet?
You have now.
I'll go get you some time.
These are my boys.
They don't get to church much.
Daddy's gonna kill you, preacher!
-Get him! Get him!
-I hate you!
-Daddy! Daddy!
-Daddy!
-Sleep well?
-Not as well as you.
In case you forgot, preacher,
I saved your life last night.
No. I think you just stretched it out
a bit.
I might have gone to heaven
if you let me die.
Sorry.
Don't you even wanna fight back?
Of course I do.
I'd like to kill them all
for what they've done. But I won't.
Killing people is wrong.
Some people deserve to die.
Mr. Herod, it was
a little lean this week.
And the whisky was tight.
Horace, your excuses
are getting worse every week.
I took everything out of

the register, sir. Everything.
-That's all there was.
-Barkeep.
There you are.
I challenge you.
I'm not fighting you.
-You ain't got no choice.
-I told you!
What are you doing here?
I said, what are you doing here?
-I'm here for the money.
-Then you have to play by the rules.
And the rules say you have to
accept every challenge.
You got a problem with that,
scuttle your butt out of town.
I got no problem.
The lady fights Mr. Kelly.
And they fight at 7:00 tonight.
-Pick a card, honey.
-Thank you.
He's so hot.
Hold it up.
Ace of spades.
Thank you.
That's a neat trick.
I heard you blew a little girl's
thumb off in Reno doing that.
I am the best you'll ever see.
So I keep hearing.
Shall we find out?
Hey, look, girls, there he is.
All right!
It's lights out, Kid!
I'm gonna be pissing
on your grave tonight.
You're through.
Quiet! Quiet!
What's the odds on the Kid?
Gentlemen, please remember...
...you must not draw...
...until that clock
makes the first chime of the hour.
Once that happens,

you may fire at your convenience.
Whoa, now. What if somebody gets
too excited and starts shooting early?
Yeah.
If he cheats,
he'll be eliminated from the contest.
Whoever is standing after the draw...
...is the winner.
If both men are still standing,
you must continue firing.
Do I make myself clear?
Gentlemen, the street is yours.
I'll only wound you, Kid.
You're a kind man.
Damn, am I fast.
Did you even see me,
I was so damn fast?
Hey, there, Mr. Swedish Champion.
Are you done? Stay down, now,
unless you're still fighting.
Yes, I give up.
-Kid's the winner.
-Am I fast?
Or is Sweden just a very small place?
Tell me, now.
Come on, Kid.
I'm gonna get you something to drink.
How does it feel, Cort?
Does it remind you
of the good old days?
Is your heart beating faster?
Is your pulse racing?
-Way to go, Kid!
-Good shooting, Kid!
"Good shooting"?
If the Swede had been any slower,
he'd had birds nesting in his hat.
Come on, Kid.
Spotted Horse cannot be killed
by a bullet.
See? I've taken four bullets
in my arm...
...three in my left leg,
one in my right...

...and two bullets in the back.
Another bullet went through my lip.
Another bullet went through
my left foot.
And another bullet went into my head,
today, here, and did not come out yet.
-No, three.
-How many?
Three. Yes, I ask you three, you
give me one. Come on, give me more.
Okay, okay.
-Now, you're sure you want three?
-Yes.
It's time.
I'm not gonna fight.
You don't wanna fight, huh?
Well, we'll see about that.
Get up! Come on!
Don't keep Mr. Herod waiting.
Come on, preacher, move it. Get up!
-Turn the other cheek, preacher.
-Kick his ass!
He's gonna forgive us.
He's gonna forgive us all.
And that concludes
the lessons for the day.
-My nose!
-I'm shocked.
Reverend here needs a gun.
There's plenty of other places
in town to buy a gun.
Nowhere as cheap.
I wouldn't know a place
that's cheap enough for you.
You know, your mouth
gets faster every day.
Pity your hands are so slow.
I ain't got slow hands.
Sure you do.
Put your hand on the counter here.
Go on. Put your gun hand
up on the counter.
Look at this, Cort.
Here's a gunfighter's hand

and here's a farmer's hand.
I ain't got no farmer's hands.
You know, Cort and me are killers.
We're the genuine article. But you--
You're from different stock.
My friend here needs a gun.
This here's the eagle-butt Peacemaker.
Solid ivory handle. Mexican emblem.
Only 30 of these ever made.
And this is the customized
Remington new model.
Army .44. It's probably more accurate
than your Colt.
I had the wooden handles removed
and replaced with solid silver.
Used with great success...
...on 30-- No, 35 bank robberies
by its late owner.
Boy.
And this-- This is the best help
a man can get.
Smith & Wesson Scofield .45.
Just meat and potatoes.
Me and Jesse James think
it's the best handgun in the world.
I had the trigger guard removed.
It saves drawing time.
Don't ever wear it when you're drunk
or you'll kill your feet.
When's the last time
you held a gun, Cort?
-You know when.
-Yes.
Here. I got offered \$120 for this Colt.
You wanna try it out?
You got \$1 20, Cort?
I don't have any money.
The Lord provides me
with everything I need.
We're just wasting this boy's time then,
aren't we?
I'll tell you what.
I'll be a good Samaritan.
What's the cheapest gun you got?

Not in the case. The cheapest piece
of worthless crap in the whole store.

All right.

-Five bucks.

-Sold!

What are you doing there? No.

Preacher here's got the Lord on
his side. He only needs one bullet.

Just one.

Otherwise, he might be tempted
to shoot his way out of town.

That gun shoots straight.

I wouldn't sell it if it didn't.

It's okay, Kid. I won't draw.

Sure you will. I know you, Cort.

When it comes down to it,
you'll pull the trigger.

Yeah! Yeah!

I got money on you, preacher!

You're finished. You're finished.

You're finished, you hear me?

I hate you!

Let's see how

you gonna do now, preacher.

I got money on you!

Got 20 bucks on you, boy!

That's money in the bank, Jimmy.

Preacher boy, you're a dead man!

I commit my soul to thee, O Lord.

Forgive me for my sins.

-What the hell--?

-Hey!

He shot me!

-You supposed to lay down and die.

-He shot me!

You said you weren't gonna fight!

-Daddy, are you all right?

-Where are you hit?

Felt natural, didn't it?

Nice and smooth?

Thought you weren't gonna fight, huh?

You're pretty fast.

Hope I don't have to fight you.

You have a choice to be here.

I don't.
He made you do it.
I was the only one
who pulled the trigger.
Well, this ain't much of a town
for a preacher.
I wasn't always a preacher.
Cort was an outlaw, like us.
Weren't you?
In fact, he used to ride with me.
Of course, that's all changed now.
He's a man of peace.
Wouldn't hurt a fly.
Easy.
There was a time
when you couldn't tell us apart.
Is that true? Is that true?
Yes.
I should have let you die.
Go on. It's yours.
Go ahead. Take it.
You smell good.
Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah.
-What are you looking at?
-A dirty old man.
-And a little girl.
-This here is a business discussion.
I'm offering her a job.
Just make sure you wash up
wherever he touches you. Okay?
One of these days...
...I'm gonna have to shoot you up
real good.
Mr. Hanlon...
...I wanted to ask you
about Indian Wells.
Did that fight really take place?
Sure did.
Then it's true that
you gunned down four men?
Two with my left hand,
two with my right hand.
You see, the truth is...
...that I am just as good with either.

You must be the fastest gun
in the West.
That or the biggest liar.
It's a pity you weren't there
to find out.
Oh, but I was, Ace.
You see, I was the one that really
killed the Terrence brothers.
And I doubt a lying little chickenshit
like you was even in the same state.
Goddamn.
God.
How about that left hand, Ace?
How about that left-handed draw?
Mr. Ace Hanlon.
The scourge of the sagebrush.
The terror of Tucson.
A bladder full of hot air.
Congratulations.
Hey, hey, hey.
Get away! Get away. Stay off of him.
Get off him!
Get away!
Daddy!
String him up! Put him on the chair!
Daddy!
They're calling for you on the street.
Are you really gonna do it?
What if you get killed?
Then I won't be around to answer
any more of your dumb questions.
-Hey, miss?
-What?
You can do it.
Lady, come on out!
-Come on out!
-Go on, go on.
There's a click before the strike.
Listen to the clock.
Yeah, lady.
Shut up!
You better win.
I got money on you.
-You shoot, you die.

-Easy, muchacho!
Last fight of the day!
You may fire at the first chime
of the clock.
You're gonna die now, girl.
You're dead meat.
Look at you. You're scared.
You're trembling like a leaf.
There's a click before the strike.
Listen to the clock.
Lady's the winner!
-Damn!
-Hey, come back here.
Quick firing resumes
tomorrow at noon.
I--
-I think you're great.
-Grow up.
Thanks.
Thirsty?
Didn't need to go to
that trouble just for me.
I didn't.
Last night, the Kid.
Tonight, Herod.
You're a busy woman.
-Any man here you're not interested in?
-Yeah. You.
You're looking at me
and you're thinking...
...we have nothing in common,
but we do.
We're both winners.
How do you feel after surviving
your first day?
-Same as yesterday.
-No. Your eyes are shining.
You passed a test. You feel alive.
I guess it doesn't excite me
as much as it does you.
You think I do this contest
because it's fun?
Look at this town.
It's full of people

who'd kill you for your bootlaces.
At least this way,
I get to face my enemies.
They can't sneak up
and shoot me in the back.
And of course, I always win.
Maybe one day your luck will run out.
I don't win because I'm lucky.
-So why'd you come here tonight?
-You invited me.
You could have turned me down.
I wanted to see
what kind of man you are.
What kind of man am I?
The kind people hate.
I'm not trying to be popular.
The people in this town, they need me.
I bring a sense of order to their lives.
Not law, order.
Like hanging a preacher
in the saloon?
He's no preacher.
He's a fraud.
If a man is a killer, then that's
what he is. There's no dishonour.
But don't let that same man
suddenly tell me...
...that it's not in his blood anymore.
-That's worse than a liar.
-Why does he upset you so much?
I find myself almost uncontrollably
attracted to you.
I hope you don't mind
my saying that.
I would think a man like you
would have a woman.
I was married to a beautiful woman.
She was unfaithful.
-Where is she now?
-I told you.
She was unfaithful.
Why are you really here?
You're no gunfighter.
Like I said, for the money.

I could give you more money
than you could ever spend.
I wouldn't feel like I'd earned it.
Oh, yes, you would.
Did you ever kill anyone?
Sure.
I don't think you have.
You see, it all comes down

to one thing:

How far are you prepared to go?
All the way.
My father was a judge.
That surprises you.
He used to make my mother and me
watch people being hanged...
...for our improvement.
One day he said
there was too much bad in this world.
He took a bullet,
put it in his gun...
...spun the chamber...
...and then took it in turns,
clicking it at each of us...
...until he finally blew
the back of his head off...
...with the final click.

Understand this:

There is nothing on this earth
that frightens me now.
-Nothing.
-I have to go.
I shouldn't have come here.
Who are you?
Let me go.
I apologise
for my undignified behaviour...
...but sometimes it's hard
to get a drink around here.
I was only a kid
when I hitched up with Herod.
He singled me out because I was...
...a little smarter,

a little faster than most.
First completely fearless man I met and
he wanted me to be the same as him.
We used to go revenue collecting
along the border, the two of us...
...like some families go on picnics.
We were down in Nogales,
taking the bank...
...and walked out to a street of federal
soldiers and got shot up so bad....
This padre hid us in his mission...
...tended our wounds, fed us...
...talked to us both for hours.
When we were strong enough
to head home...
...Herod told me to shoot him.
When I said no...
...he put a gun to the back of my head...
...and started to count down
from 10.
So I killed the priest.
It doesn't matter what I do now.
I'm already damned, I know that.
Don't go down that road.
You don't have to become like me.
Why did you call me up here?
Well, I wanted to ask you
one simple question.
Who brought you here to fight me?
Mr. Herod.
I'm just a gentleman adventurer...
...moseying into town
for the challenge of a gunfight.
I thought Ace Hanlon
was the hired gun.
I was so sure of it.
But he was just a buffoon.
You're not.
My name is Clay Cantrell,
and I'm a shootist.
I've killed 17 men.
Killing is purely
a business proposition for me.
Doesn't give me any pleasure.

My employer's confidential.

Now...

...do we have business together today?

As soon as the rain stops,

I'm gonna make an example of you.

So then he said, "Give me the gun."

So, what could I do?

I gave it to him.

-Like hell, I did.

-You shot him?

Yep. That's the story

of Flatnose Freddy...

...who currently resides

six feet under.

Oh, man.

It was a big thing for you

to enter the contest.

You made your point.

Now I want you to step down.

No disgrace.

I'll only step down

when you step down.

I'm telling you to step down.

Your time will come.

Not with you still around.

Don't ever cross me.

And don't try to stare me down

like you're doing now.

I'm not sick or old.

And you're not half the man I am.

Get out of here.

Round two!

Four fights today, featuring

the eight remaining contestants.

The winner is the contestant

left standing.

Left alive.

Left alive!

From now on, we fight to the death.

Well, well. What a surprise, John.

You changing the rules.

Any problem with that?

Well...

...I was planning

to kill you anyway.
Gentlemen, the street is yours.
I'm confused.
All I hear from you,
you spineless cowards...
...is how poor you are,
how you can't afford my taxes.
My protection.
And yet somehow, you've all managed
to find the money...
...to hire a professional gunfighter
to kill me.
Where's all this money coming from?
What am I to think?
If you've got so much to spare, I'm
just gonna have to take more off you.
Because you clearly
haven't got the message!
This is my town!
If you live to see the dawn,
it's because I allow it!
I'm in charge of everything!
I decide who lives or who dies!
Your gunfighter's dead.
Old news.
Is it possible?
Is it possible to improve on perfection?
The man's dead.
-Kid's the winner.
-I heard him.
I heard him move his hand.
I tell you, people.
I'm on a different level.
In fact, I am the new goddamn mayor
of this town!
Wonderful!
He stinks worse dead.
Storm's coming up. No more fights
till we see what it's gonna do.
Drinks are on me, fellas.
We're gonna have to
bury this old man deep.
He stinks something awful.
Get up now!

Go on. Get the hell out of here.
Get the hell out of here. Go.
Yep.
That little girl is gonna be
a real good earner.
-Deal me in, boys.
-All right!
I feel lucky.
She good?
Wriggled like a fish.
Get up!
Bitch!
-Bitch, I'll kill you!
-Outside, you bastard!
-Right now!
-You got it, whore!
You goddamn Sunday bitch!
I'll blow a hole in you--
No, please don't kill me! No, no.
No, please! Don't!
No, don't kill me! Please!
John! John!
-Finish him off!
-No!
-No, please.
-This contest is not over...
...until one of you are dead!
Please, don't kill me! Please!
No! Please!
No. No.
This contest is not over yet!
Drink.
Thank you.
Die!
-Holy moly!
-Goodness.
Gold teeth!
A whole mouthful of gold teeth!
And the lady moves to round three.
Look at these teeth!
A gold crown!
There's always forgiveness
if you ask for it.
Come on, preacher.

God's on your side, brother!
-Thank you, Ratsy.
-Goodbye.
Hey, what are you doing?
You're not quitting, are you?
I know this is probably
the wrong time...
...but I like you, and I want you to stay.
How can you live like this?
Live like what?
Aren't you even gonna stay
for Cort's fight?
-No, I'm not.
-Wait.
-It's starting any minute now--
-I don't care about him.
I don't care about you
or anybody else in this town.
I'm through.
I don't think you heard me right.
I said I liked you!
Last bets!
Place your last bets!
Spotted Horse cannot be killed
by a bullet.
Last bets!
Place your last bets, gentlemen!
Right now. Place your last bets!
Man's dead. Cort's the winner.
He killed that Indian.
Shit.
Spotted Horse cannot be killed
by a bullet.
Give me another bullet.
I thought I explained the rules to you
very carefully.
-You have to kill the man.
-Spotted Chief.
Get on up there. Kill him.
Give me another bullet, John.
Somebody give me a bullet!
Thirty-eight, long Colt.
"I shall not kill."
That's what you told me.

"I've renounced all violence."
Now, goddamn it!
Now!
Congratulations.
Looks like you're going
to the next round, preacher.
Applause him.
Bravo.
Welcome back, killer.
Give me that.
I knew I'd find you here.
You know who I am?
Of course I do.
I brought you into this world.
-Your father was--
-I don't wanna talk about it.
You've been here for hours
looking for his grave.
He's not here.
Herod's men...
...they smashed the gravestone
I made...
...and then they burned his body
till there was nothing left.
There are good people here.
They're just cowards, like me.
And they're waiting, hoping...
...someone like you
will come and stop him.
I can't.
I can't kill him!
I had my chance and I was scared.
I'm scared of dying.
You've been dead since it happened.
You're more scared of living.
It would be the same
if you keep riding.
I pulled this from the fire.
He was the best friend
I ever had.
String him up! Put him on a chair!
-Just say your prayers.
-Here's the rope!
Daddy, no!

Wait, gal!
Put her down, goddamn it!
Let her go!
Hey, little darling.
Hello, bonita. Hey, hey!
What's wrong with you?
--pay for that. Oh, boy.
And you gonna take him.
What the heck--?
What the hell ails you?
That's Mr. Herod's prisoner, lady.
-You ain't going nowhere.
-I hope you don't feel...
...I've sunk to some base, primal level
of humanity. You see, now...
...the Bible speaks of turning
plough shears into swords, see...
...when faced with
an insurmountable evil.
And I feel that it must be God's will
that I'm here.
So, I.... I....
And I....
Oh, God.
-Why are you doing this to me?
-Because...
...we could both be dead tomorrow.
Promise me--
Promise me you'll leave Herod for me.
-I challenge you.
-Go away.
I'm not fighting anybody else.
I want you.
I've already been challenged.
It's time for me to see
if I'm my father's equal.
You would fight your own son.
I'm gonna kill you if I have to ride
all the way to hell to do it.
Do you have some particular problem
with me?
I'll let you know.
I'm not fighting you.
I came here to kill Herod,

and that's what I'm gonna do.
-Stand down.
-I will not stand down.
Stand down. Let me take him
in the final. He'll be just as dead.
Let me make something clear

to both of you:

Nobody walks out on this contest.
Nobody stands down.
You don't tell me what to do.
You try to leave town,
my men will kill you.
You refuse to fight,
my men will kill you.
You had your chance to quit.
Now it's gone.
Clear the street!
Round three!
Only four contestants left.
Mr. Herod fights the Kid.
Then the lady fights Cort.
Clear the streets!
You don't have to do this.
Everybody already knows
you're the best.
No. It ain't about that.
I'm his son.
And if this is the only way
he's gonna admit that...
...then so be it.
What can you possibly get out of this?
What do you want?
All I want is his respect.
-Come on! You can do it!
-We love you!
I love you.
We're with you!
That boy's gonna dust you!
Yeah, come on, Kid.
Drop out. You've made your point.
The gunfight is in the head...
...not in the hands.
The only thing

that makes him invincible...
...is because you all think he is.
Maybe five years ago
he was the fastest...
...but time catches up with everyone.
He's just a little bit slower
than he used to be.
And as for myself,
would you believe it?
I just reached my peak.
Shit, that was fast.
No! No!
Oh, my-- Oh, my God!
Oh, my God!
Did I get him?
Yeah, Kid. You got him.
Did I kill him?
You were so fast, Kid.
Please! I don't wanna die.
I don't wanna die!
I know.
It was never proved
that he was my son.
It was a farmer that was....
He wasn't mine.
I gave him a way out.
He wouldn't take it.
-What kind of ink do you have?
-Any kind you need.
If neither one of you fire
by the time I count down from 10...
...my men will gun you down.
Ten.
-Nine.
-Draw your gun.
-There's no point in both of us dying.
-Eight.
-Seven.
-Draw, goddamn it!
Six.
Kill me, Ellen!
-Five.
-Kill me!
Four.

-Kill me!
-Three.
Kill me, or I'm gonna kill you!
-Two.
-Please.
One!
She's dead.
Oh, Jesus. She's dead.
Leave her alone, you vultures!
Don't touch her!
Nice shooting, Reverend.
Like I always say...
...you put a fox in the henhouse, you'll
have chicken for dinner every time.
You're gonna burn for this,
you son of a bitch.
This what you wanted all along?
Why don't you come and get some?
My nose!
Son of a bitch!
Of course we'll fight.
But the rules say tomorrow.
-I'll even let you name the time.
-Dawn.
Break my nose twice.
Now we'll see how fast you can draw.
Into the valley of death....
I fear no evil.
-Who did that?
-I did that, Mr. Herod.
Ratsy, you ruined the contest.
You got 20 seconds to get out of town.
Wait, that's not fair. I only ever done
what you told me to, Mr. Herod.
Ratsy, you now have 15 seconds.
Goodbye, Ratsy.
-Oh, shit! Oh, shit! Oh, shit!
-What do you think, Cort?
There's a lot of people here
that want entertainment.
I could draw with my left hand.
How does that sound?
Of course, unlike Mr. Ace Hanlon,
I really can fight with both hands.

How do you feel? I'm nervous.
It takes a lot to scare me.
I love the sensation.
Time's up, Ratsy!
I always wanted to fight you, Cort.
Ever since the first time I saw you.
It's just this itch
that I had to scratch.
Whatever happens,
if he's still standing in the end...
...gun him down.
-Oh, my God!
-Shit!
You're dead.
You're dead!
Sorry, John.
Changed the rules.
From now on, all the fights are fair.
Who are you?
You stole my life.
Let her go, you son of a bitch!
Let her go!
Wait a minute. Please, don't make
my little girl watch this. Please.
Let her go before you kill me.
Oh, I can't do that.
Tell you what.
I've had my three shots.
I'll give you three shots
to save your daddy's life.
You filthy son of a bitch.
Shoot the rope...
...and if it breaks,
your daddy can live.
You got my word.
You can do it, darling.
I can't.
You can do it, darling. Come on.
Just hold the gun in both hands.
Pull the hammer back.
-I can't.
-You can.
-You can do it.
-No, I can't!

Don't you worry about this.
None of this is your fault.
Don't you blame yourself, now.
Just remember...
...that your daddy loves you.
I'll always love you. Now...
...just remember that. Now, come on.
Come on.
That's close enough.
You're not fast enough for me!
Today I am.
The law has come back to town.